

## Number 1

Five of the Baptist students of the University of Tennessee Junior College attended the Baptist Student Union Convention at Nashville, Tennessee, October 27-29. These students were guests of Peabody College while in Nashville. A splendid program was presented with a banquet held on Friday night. Students from college campuses all over the state were present, and those representing the Junior College were: Margaret Burton, Martha Franklin, Ivy Logan, Frances Bivens and Bettye Wood. These students enjoyed the convention and brought back new ideas to the Baptist students of our own campus.

THE VOLETTE

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The University of Tennessee  
Junior College

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Views and  
Interviews

Since it is a newspaper's business to get all the dope on the important people here, there and everywhere, the Staff of The Volette has gone into a huddle and come up with a bit of candid information on a few important characters here at U. T. J. C.

Presidents

First we interview the president of the Sophomore class, Harry Moultrie. We learn that he was born of all things- and that it happened in Ohio, Tennessee. Mr. Moultrie, it seems, completed high school and came to college. We asked him why. He said "you tell me." His hobbies are jiggerbugging and girls (that's a nice thought) and his favorite pastime is looting in the Bookstore. Favorite movie stars are Alice Faye and Betty Grable; favorite song... Blondie and Dagwood; favorite sport... basketball.

Then we asked Terry Nichols a few questions. We discovered that Terry was born in Brownsville and has lived in Ohio and Union City as well. Terry is the guy who almost got left in a burning house when he was a baby. He says he came to college to prepare for a career in chemical engineering. His favorite hobbies are photography and sports. His favorite movie star is Betty Grable; comic... Dick Tracy; pastime... listening to Mr. Allen's jokes; sports... football, basketball and mumblepeg. Beside being president of the Freshman class and quite a popular man about the college, Terry is also a very good referee in basketball and football. He claims that he is so good that only one milk bottle has been heaved at him this year and only once has anyone threatened to mangle his features.

Bowman Attends State  
Aeromantics Meet

M. P. Bowman, coordinator of the aeromantics program of the University of Tennessee Junior College, recently attended a meeting of the High School Teachers of Aeromantics, the State Colleges Coordinators and the Civil Air Patrol of the Tennessee Wing. The purpose of the meeting was to coordinate the aeromantics instruction at the high schools, the scholarship aeromantics program of the state colleges and the Civil Air Patrol so that existing facilities and the equipment and aids soon to be released by the armed forces can best be utilized in promoting aeromantics training in Tennessee. It is reported that certain units in cooperation with the Civil Air Patrol may be assigned back trainers and certain other valuable training devices. Bowman is an active member of the Grand City Civil Air Patrol and is interested in assisting in any expansion program wherein more interested persons in the immediate vicinity of Martin may participate. Miss Lavilla Corley, instructor of aeromantics in Martin High School and geography instructor at the college, also attended the state meeting. The feature speaker of the program was Colonel Earle Johnson, National Commander of the Civil Air Patrol. The CAP had a splendid showing at the state meeting, featuring review drill by two squadrons of cadets, formation flying, bombing practice and free hops

by CAP members for the visiting instructors. The Army Air Forces unit at the Smyrna Air Base cooperated by sending formations of big bombers in flights across the airport.

Bowman commented: "Judging from the immediate plans of the national leaders of the Civil Air Patrol and the cooperation of General Marshall there seems to be a very constructive and interesting program in the offering under the CAP."

Inferiority Complex

Today a student read in my English class a theme in which she said her greatest problem perhaps is an inferior complex and what to do about it. She is a very charming person, intelligent, able, but afraid.

It started me to thinking, and I have been pondering her paper ever since. I suppose there are few problems which torture the victim more than a sense of inferiority. We have been told early and late that this inferiority complex can be our ruin. And so it can. But it can also be made into an asset. And here is how:

To have a sense of inferiority and along with it a determination not to allow the complex to wreck lives is to know and recognize a weakness and to search for ways of overcoming it. First, a person with a modest manner is often liked by many other people simply because such a person offers no competition either in matters of love and in social matters. I have observed over the years women who were positively timid go further than those who were strong and bold and determined. Thus, to begin with, an inferiority complex, even the worst kind, is less a handicap than those who suffer from it often believe. You are apt to be liked for what you lack.

But still the problem remains, and here are some ways of meeting it. Dress well. Dress neatly, without ostentation, always with meticulous care. The person who is well groomed has inner dignity as well as outward immaculateness. Good clothes, beautifully worn will always offset an inferiority complex. Next, speak precise, correct, beautifully formal English. Make use of the current fetiches of language fashions. Use the short English slurring on such words as secretary, dictionary and the rest of the ery and ary words. Say they crisply, accurately, as if born to their use. In all the conventions of the language be absolutely correct. Your diction should be faultless, your pronunciation as flawless as that of a first class radio announcer. There is nothing in all the list of personal qualifications so utterly obvious, and so potent to impress others, as an accurate and fluent use of words. Thus to offset the sense of inferiority I would place English as second only to dress; and even then the placing is by courtesy; for the two should really be hand in hand. One without the other is almost futile.

I would not merely know my English well. I would know it with such perfection that I'd never have to hesitate when using the most complex forms in both written and colloquial usage.

Then I would build finally on any special gift or talent that I might have: music, art, poetry, any talent which sets one person apart from the vast group. This talent need not be great. Many people achieve a kind of distinction on a very modest gift. If you do have some great ability, so much the better. That of itself can kill an inferiority complex, so dead that never again will it raise its head.

One who is carefully dressed, one whose address is perfect, one who has made the most of his abilities, there you have, not one who is inferior, but one who is demonstrably superior. Lo! the inferior complex is gone.

Maw Potts' Advice  
To The Lovelorn

Dear Maw:

Sometimes when I go to town, someone by the name of George stops his green Ford and picks me up. This is a problem that distresses me greatly. In fact, I just don't know what to do about it. Please, Maw, tell me how I can get him to date me every time I go to town!

Respectfully yours,  
Corky Greer.

Answer: Well dear, that doesn't seem to be so hard. There are a number of things that you could do. For instance, I suggest you get a peanut sack and fill it full of forty-penny nails, and carry it with you every time you go to town. When you see him about to whizz past you, simply reach into the sack and toss a handful languidly over your shoulder into the street. After his car parks around the nearest tree, you go up to him and say very demurely, "Why, George, isn't that the sweetest thing! I wasn't even expecting you to stop for little me!" All the time he is sitting there gazing lovingly at you and biting on a battery cable that somehow got in his lap. After he disentangles himself, tell him to put that old Ford in a tow sack and run home and get his motorcycle, 'cause you want a ride. Also tell him to take that silly-looking spark plug out of his mouth; he looks so funny with it. If that doesn't get him, write me again for further advice. Yours, MAW POTTS.

Dear Maw:

Mine is a very desperate case. Up until a week ago I was dating a certain class president on the campus. Now he has left me like the Panama Limited leaving a snail with rheumatism. You understand, now, that I don't give a continental about him or anyone else here on the campus, but it gives me a certain bit of prestige to be out with the lord high master of the freshman class. Please, Maw, tell me how I can get him back!

AGONIZED.

P.S. Please send answer to Box 170 at the UT Bookstore.

Answer: Having had several letters from members of your school, I think I know who you are talking about. You mean the boy who looks like an animated bean pole, with hair about the texture and color of a pile of dried jimson weeds. Well, dear, my suggestion is that you use the "helpless" technique. Every time your shoe lace comes untied, run sobbing to him, and throw your arms about his neck. Put your head on his shoulder and make his shirt look like he stepped in the way of a bucket of water before you stop bawling. Use his neck tie frequently as a handkerchief, meanwhile getting a firm grip on it. While he is trying to console you, twist the tie till his face assumes the color of an overripe tomato, and his eyes bugged out like a strangled crab's. Meanwhile you explain to him affectionately that if he doesn't date you soon, you'll put an end to it all (that is, his all). This technique has proved very effective, and you can depend on it generally if it doesn't kill him. Yours, MAW POTTS.

Dear Maw:

Until quite recently I have done all my courting under a certain flagpole on the UTJC campus. Now this flagpole is about as much protection from sudden outbursts of the elements as a two-year-old guarding Hedy Lemarr. This is about to get me down. I've already caught cold and have curvature of the spine from leaning against said pole. I had just about as soon do my courting in a tree. Worriedly yours,  
"EUBBA" FIELDS.

Answer: If that's the way you feel about it, go court in a tree, then. MAW POTTS.

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## CONFETTI

Why were some of the girls so unhappy about the dining hall arrangement? Well I am sure that you can guess that question as well as I can.

Figure it out for yourself—"Oh Johnny, OOh Johnny how you can love!" (P.S. Says Elsie C.)

Why do you see Elbert Burcham with a different woman each night? Could it be \_\_\_\_\_? Well I'm sure it is.

What would a certain red-haired girl from Martin Hi say if she could see Gerald Brooks some times?

I wonder why Gilbert Harrison is so henpecked (if that is what you call it). Could it be real LOVE?

I see that Terry Nichols has begun to haunt Billie Cantrell. Could it be that he has forgotten Joy D. and Union City?

Say, Bobbie Lou, what has happened to Freddie Higgs?

No one can understand how—but Betty Ray has finally roused Joe Johnson from his stupor—if it may be called a stupor.

I wonder why Walter Brewer dreads to see winter come. Could it be because there are no cars on the campus?

It looks as if the Dodd House TOATERS CLUB has taken the spotlight away from COB CORNERS on the campus.

Say, is John Casey every going to make up his mind between Corky Greer and Gwin Glass?

Are Harry Moultrie and Mariwell McDaniel in love, or is this the only girl on the campus for him.

It sure was bad about the girl's of Reed Hall getting campused one Friday night. Better luck next time.

Why not get Kitty Adams a left-handed chair, for in most of the classes she uses Brewer's.

It sure looks as if Bubba Fields and Jimmy Forsythe are about to get into deep water over Dotty Lowe.

There sure must be something over at Reed Hall, for all of the boys go over there instead of Freeman Hall after supper.

Janice Freeman and Sarah Seay look very happy lately. Could it be because Dan Kroll and Walter Inman came home from Duke University, where they are stationed in the Navy V-12 unit.

I wonder if Milly Butler thinks that Jimmy Austin is a cadet just because he is taking flying, or is it his car—?

Harper seems to be getting on the sweet side of Martha Moss. Wonder if he has forgotten about the girl back home?

They say that Doris Ragsdale quit dancing over at the dining hall. Could it be that she doesn't like the company or—?

Say, the Dodd House sure should have some good looking boys because some of them dyed their hair, and to top this off, the one and only Moose Karnes is expected to be a natural blond soon.

I have been hearing a rumor on the campus that Martha Moss has two weaknesses. Could they be lemon pie and Henry Williams?

Peggy Goodwin, we are sorry that the so-called peroxide turned your hair into red streaks instead of blond last Wednesday.

Say, Frances, don't look so down hearted about the Boston-Bivens love affair. Maybe he will find that there is no place like home.

Georgia Peach, What do you have that all of the other girls do not have? It must be wonderful to get five letters each day.

Boys, take my advice and say nothing but the truth about Martha, because Terry and Lewis Elliott had a few words over a choice matter of this sort the other day and it looks as if it ended up in Terry's favor.

Terry, do you really talk like Burcham?

Roscoe, The Gossip Teller.

## WE WONDER

We wonder what would be the general effect if:

"Sam" catalogued the books for Miss Burney, and Miss Burney took over the farm and let Mr. Mac push Sam's go-cart around over the campus.

Mr. Allen took over Mr. Meek's job bossing Mrs. Green and Mr. Meek took Mr. Kroll's movie camera and made pictures of the bull at the barn and ran up the flag oof mornings and pulled it down.

Mr. Stanford started in to coordinate all over the place and freed Mr. Bowman to take over Mr. Phillips' annual and cut out all the pretty pictures in all kinds of shapes while Mrs. Reed glued them into place.

Miss Stover turned the book store over to Miss Watkins and went to help Miss Hawkins make up biscuits and freed Miss Swindler to take the speech arts boys and gals out to perform at all the school houses, while Mr. Allen saw that Mr. Meek pulled down the flag at the right time and fed the bull.

The bull didn't like the kind of feed Mrs. Green fed it, and took out after Mr. Allen while he was telling Mr. Mac how to run the farm, and Mr. Mac and Mr. Allen both started to jump the fence and got their britches hung on the barbwire.

Mr. Campbell turned loose all of Mr. Horton's bugs and Mr. Thompson got the flit squiter and started to spray the bugs and sprayed Mr. Meek's bull instead, and—but this is about enough bull for one time. The bull should be dead anyhow for Mr. Cravens has shot it enough.

When we get to wondering we conclude things look more natural as they are.

## LEFT-OVERS

What's this about wild folks living on the second floor of Reed Hall, eh, Kathleen?

Who was the sailor, Margie?

Why does Laura Lou look forward to the afternoon mail? Could be a certain private's letter.

That private is pretty faithful isn't he, Laura?

Seems Betty S. doesn't have right technique for getting men, June Tubbs, who was the call from? Couldn't it be a certain naval cadet?

Hockey is the "it" game, isn't it, Freeman Hall?

Seems that getting up at 5 o'clock is getting to be a regular habit with Dot and Mary Ethel.

A certain freshman in Reed Hall enjoys managing other people's affairs. Who?

Girls, don't you just love to find your beds short-sheeted?

Don't tell me the girls at the north end of Reed Hall were getting up at 1 o'clock to study.

Laura Lou, isn't it fun to find snakes in your room?

By the way, Margaret, how are your feet?

Gwen, who was the soldier you were "showing off" Friday?

It is rumored that some people would like for some other people to brush up on their etiquette a bit before eating at the dining hall.

Joneal, you had better watch out or David will have you attending prayer meeting!

Who nearly got run down by a car when going to town after the football game Friday night?

Say, wonder why Betty Turman and her throb quit this week? Was it because of boy or was it a girl this time? They'll probably make up just before Christmas, in time for her to buy him a gift.

## Reed Hall A B C's

A—Attractive: Louise Liggett.

A—Athletic: Billie Cantrell.

B—Beautiful: Sara Seay.

C—Considerate: Margaret Burton.

C—Cute: Billie Worthington.

D—Diplomatic: Sara Foster.

E—Entertaining: Drucilla Garner.

E—Energetic: Kathlee Raines.

F—Fashionable: Martha Franklin.

G—Generous: Harriet Herron.

H—Humorous: "Nut Club."

I—Intellectual: Betty Scott.

J—Jolly: Martha Moss.

K—Kind: Lissett O'Rourke.

L—Loyal: June Tubbs.

M—Musical: Mary Ethel Lansden.

N—Natural: Mary Will McDaniel.

O—Original: Sara Grissom.

P—Pretty: Gwen Glass.

Q—Quite: Mary Nell Veazey.

R—Reliable: Dorothy Hall.

S—Sweet and Sincere: Laura Jackson.

T—Talented: "Cobb Corner."

U—Understanding: Elizabeth Johnson.

V—Versatile: Bunny Mangrum.

W—Witty: Corky Greer.

X—Xecutive: Margaret Burton.

Y—Youthful: Evelyn Flecture.

Z—Zealous: Louise Nanney.

## FACES ON THE CAMPUS

Bunny Mangum looking gorgeous at the Jean Letch-Gille wedding.

Martha Harris "teaching" Miss Watkin's Phys Ed. classes . . . and doing a swell job of it too.

Martha Franklin and her cadet.

Dan Kroll and Paul Meek, Jr., back from the Navy.

Dot Lowe and Bubba Fields in "seventh heaven."

## HAVE YOU NOTICED

The CAP insignia flying about the college?

The "social hour" in the book store almost any time.

The way some of the boys call the Dodd House Doll House. Wonder why?

Maw Potts advice to the love-lorn in The Volette. Just send your problems to Maw Potts, care The Volette. She will be glad to help you.

## CORN

Said one of our teachers (name if requested) "Nothing could be sadder than a man without a country."

Replied a certain coed: "Nothing but a country without a man."

Father: "When George Washington was your age he was a surveyor."

Son: "And when he was your age he was president."

Father: "So you want to be my son-in-law?"

Young Man: "No I don't, but I don't see what else I can do if I marry your daughter."

The youth gazed admiringly at the dress of a pretty chorine.

"Who made her dress?" he asked his friend.

"The police I think."

## Plantation Party

The nicest thing about Freshman initiations is the Plantation Party, which follows. It is tradition of UTJC to make this party one of the best social events of the Fall Quarter. The sophomore and alumni have pleasant memories of themselves as "pickaninnies." A number of fortunate alumni have pleasant memories of being honored as master and mistress of the Plantation. The master and mistress are elected by the student body in the assembly on Tuesday night before the Plantation Party on Saturday night. The identity of these sophomores is known by one student of faculty member only, and the climax of the party is the recognition of the sophomore boy and girl as the Master and Mistress of the Plantation.

The "white folks" take a back seat when the Freshman "pickaninnies" come upon the scene. Every year the "darkies" are cuter than those of the previous year. The program contains a number of pleasant surprises for both sophomores and freshmen.

Everyone is looking forward to our Plantation Party of 1944, certain that it will be the best ever.

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## The Library

The library is running along as usual, Miss Burney announces that new books are in, and old books are still interesting. In case the matter has been forgotten, book reports are in order in English classes and a word to wise should be sufficient.

"My Four Years In Germany," Gerard, James W. This is written about the years previous to war of 1914-1918.

"Cues For You," Mrs. Mildred Ryan. A book of courtesy.

## Some New Novels

"Storm To the South," Thelma Strobel.

"Razor's Edge," William S. Maughan.

"Dr. Christian's Office," Ruth A. Knight.

"Lost Island," James Norman Hall.

"Bedford Village," Hervey Allen.

"Fair Stood the Wing For France," Herbert E. Bates.

## Some New Books On the War

"This Little Pig Stayed At Home," Howard V. O'Brien.

"Tarawa," Robert Sherrod.

"Punch in Susie," Nell Giles.

Susie isa welder's neighbor.

"The Danube," Emil Lengzel.

"Garden Islands of the Great East," David Fairchild.

"Twelve South American Poets," Hoffman R. Hays.

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SUNDAY—THREE SHOWS 1:45, 3:45 and 9:00  
WEEK DAYS—THREE SHOWS 3:00, 7:00 and 9:00  
SATURDAY—CONTINUOUS FROM 10:00 A.M.

SUNDAY-MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12-13

RAY MILLAND—RUTH HUSSEY  
IN

"THE UNINVITED"

TUESDAY-WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14-15

ROBT. WATSON—VICTOR VARCONI  
IN

"THE HITLER GANG"

THURSDAY-FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16-17

PRESTON FOSTER—WM. BENDIX  
IN

"GUADALCANAL DIARY"

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18

"SANTA FE SCOUTS" AND  
"THE BLACK PARACHUTE"

SUNDAY-MONDAY, NOVEMBER 19-20

BETTY GRABLE—ROBT. YOUNG  
IN

"SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY"

IN TECHNICOLOR

TUESDAY-WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21-22

ANNE BAXTER—MICHAEL O'SHEA  
IN

"EVE OF ST. MARK"

THURSDAY-FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23-24

SPECIAL THANKSGIVING SHOWING  
Four Shows—1:30, 3:30, 7:00, 9:00SONJA HENIE—JACK OAKIE  
IN

"WINTERTIME"

WITH WOODY HERMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25—DOUBLE FEATURE

FEATURE AND ANNE RUTHERFORD  
IN

"BERMUDA MYSTERY"

SUNDAY-MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26-27

KAY FRANCIS—CAROLE LANDIS  
IN

"FOUR JILLS AND A JEEP"

TUESDAY-WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28-29

BETTY GRABLE—JOE E. BROWN  
IN

"PIN UP GIRL"

IN TECHNICOLOR

THURSDAY-FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30-DECEMBER 1

ORSEN WELLS—JOAN FONTAINE  
IN

"JANE EYRE"

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2

GENE AUTREY  
IN

"IN OLD MONTEREY"

SUNDAY-MONDAY-TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 4, 5

GARY COOPER—LORAIN DAY  
IN

"STORY OF DR. WASSEL"

IN TECHNICOLOR

WEDNESDAY—ONE DAY ONLY—DECEMBER 6

CARY GRANT—JOHN GARFIELD  
IN

"DESTINATION TOYKIO"

THURSDAY-FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7-8

IRENE DUNNE—RODDY McDOWALD  
IN

"WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER"

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9

ROY ROGERS—DALE EVANS—MAY LEE  
IN

"COWBOY AND THE SENORITA"